



# EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1882.

NUMBER 86.

## OPERA HOUSE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9th.

McIntyre, Heath & Belmont's

*Mammoth Southern Minstrels.*

22 ARTISTS. 22

Mastodon Orchestra and Brass Band.

6—POPULAR END MEN.—6

8—SONG AND DANCE ARTISTS.—8

8 CHALLENGE CLOG. 8

McINTYRE and HEATH in their Specialties and Sketches. LITTLE DAISY BELMONT, the Child Wonder, in her Songs, Dances and Banjo Picking.

### NEW MARBLE YARD.

Respectfully announce to the public that we have opened a marble yard on Second street, above Yancy & Alexander's stable, and are prepared to furnish Monuments, Tomb Stones, Freestone, Pavements, and building work of all kinds, promptly on short notice. mar16-ly COOK & CLARK.

### MONUMENTS

GRANITE AND MARBLE.

J. A. McCANN,

eng25ly. MAYSVILLE.

FRANK HAUCKE,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

glazier, paper hanger, &c., Second street, opposite pork house. Will give prompt attention to all work in my line, and ask but a reasonable price. mar24.



**PEACOCK COAL.**

Wm. Wormald,

SOLE AGENT in MAYSVILLE

FOR THIS CELEBRATED COAL.

For Steam And Grate Purposes

This coal has no superior. TRY IT.

OFFICE AND COAL YARD:

Wall St., - - MAYSVILLE, KY.

feb282m

### BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cynthia.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:30 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address CHAS. H. HASLETT, Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky. JAMES C. ERNST, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

### TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R. Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station: 5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express. 9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation. 3:25 p. m. Lexington. 7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.

Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.: 6:23 a. m. 4:00 p. m. 9:48 a. m. 7:37 p. m.

SAMUEL J. DAUGHERTY,

MANUFACTURER OF

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

SECOND ST., OPPOSITE MYALL & RILEY'S, MAYSVILLE, KY.

Freestone Pavements and all kinds of Building Stone on hand. Having had an experience of thirty-two years in the business, I offer my services to the public, confident of rendering satisfaction. jan30

### How a Poor Girl Captured a Millionaire.

There is a very pretty romance about the marriage of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, jr., to Miss Alva Smith, the story of which is often told in uppertendom.

While at school Miss Smith suddenly received word that her father had made an unlucky venture, that his fortune had gone up in a balloon, and that she and her sister must, at the end of the term, then near its close, go at once to the home of their grandmother, in Virginia, there to remain until their father could summon them North again.

This was not suited at all to the tastes of a 'demoiselle' conscious of her own attractions, and she determined to make a venture on her own account. She borrowed some money from her teacher, and made an arrangement with her to go to Richfield Springs for a few weeks, so that when she appeared there, she had as a duenna, a well-known instructress, and this piqued the curiosity of the young men about the resort.

There was a coterie of New York girls there, a Miss T—, daughter of a broker, Miss O—, daughter of a rich brewer, and several others, who knew of the misfortune of the Smiths, and who also tried to make it appear that the young Miss Smith no longer deserved a place in the ranks of the *nouveau riche* as her father had "gone up."

Wm. H. Vanderbilt, jr., came to the Springs to attend a ball, and the New York girls were all in a flutter, because each one desired to capture the son of the Millionaire. Miss Smith took in the situation at a glance, but she had nothing to wear, and she had only forty dollars in her purse.

She proposed to Miss T—, to buy a dress, and Miss T—, having a big stock of dresses, and but a small amount of pin money, was ready to oblige her. She wasn't however, inclined to part with anything that would be becoming to Miss Smith, and accordingly she selected a yellow silk with a wine spot in front, and offered to sell that for Miss Smith's \$40, being assured that Miss Smith being more of a blonde than a brunette, would look "horrid" in yellow. But Miss Smith paid the price, and the fair dealer in second-hand clothing chuckled over the bargain she made.

Her pleasure was changed to chagrin, that evening, when Miss Smith appeared upon the ball-room floor, a queen of beauty and that yellow, too. Instead of putting white upon her she had made her complexion brown, and having borrowed a lace mantilla from her teacher, and a big black fan, she came out the picture of a bewitching senorita. Her coy glances shot into the Vanderbilt heart.

She tossed the soft ends of the mantilla over her shoulder as she strolled the piazza, and used; that fan most bewitchingly. The New York girls stood aghast, and Miss T—, shed a tear over the loss of her yellow silk, and felt that she had been cheated, for she never thought that the dress looked so well.

The result was that Vanderbilt fell desperately in love, pressed his suit, became all the more ardent because of the lady's studied hesitancy, and was the happiest young millionaire anywhere, when he gained a kiss, and the privilege of putting on the the finger of senorita a diamond engagement ring.

Mrs. Vanderbilt at once visited Richfield Spring, was charmed with her prospective daughter-in-law, and invited her to go and spend the summer with her. The smart young girl, however, pleaded that she had a dear sweet grandmamma in Virginia, to whom she owed a duty visit, and she must go there first.

Thither she went and taking account of stock, improved her wardrobe, as a smart girl with a little money only can, and then she accepted the invitation of her prospective mother-in-law. She confided to her the story of the bitterness of the fashionable New York girls, who were so anxious to get her expected husband, and the result was that the mother had her pride touched, and she at once cut the T's and

O's, much to the consternation of the families aforesaid.

Well, all went well. The millionaire married the pretty girl of the yellow silk and the black lace mantilla, and they are now living happily upon the avenue.

### Henry Clay to Col. James Taylor.

Frankfort Yeoman.

One of the most interesting contributions to the Historical Society is a scrap book of autograph letters and other manuscripts, presented by Mrs. Thomas L. Jones. Among the curiosities is the following letter from Mr. Clay to Gen. James Taylor, by which it will be seen that the old system of electioneering for office was in vogue then as now. Mr. Clay was then twenty-three years of age. We have not examined the journals to find out whether or not he was elected Secretary of the Senate, but it may be comforting to the late successful candidates for that place to know that six years later Mr. Clay was elected to the United States Senate. The letter is a beautiful specimen of chirography, being in a large and rounder hand than characterized Mr. Clay's handwriting later, but still marked by the same peculiar neatness and finish. It is the only autograph of Mr. Clay's in which his full name is signed, his usual signature being H. Clay:

LEXINGTON, 26th May, 1800.

DEAR SIR—B. Thurston, Esq., declining to offer at the next session of the Assembly for clerkship of the Senate, I have determined to become a candidate for that office. Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Sandford, the the Senator of your county, I take the liberty, upon the score of my acquaintance with you, to request that you will make me known to him.

I am, dear sir, your most obediently,

HENRY CLAY.

JAMES TAYLOR, Esq.

Newport, Campbell county, Ky.

In July last, George Sands, a well todo farmer living near Milan, Ohio, took home \$300, and, handing it to his wife, requested her to take care of it. She, with the thoughtfulness of the average housewife, considered that the straw bed-tick would be about as safe a hiding place as she could find for the wealth. Accordingly she placed the roll of bills among the straw. The money not being needed for any purpose, it was forgotten, until several weeks after the house had been cleaned, when Mr. Sands inquired of his wife if she had that money. The thought came to her at once that she had emptied that straw bed in the orchard, and, of course, the roll of bills had been dumped out too. A visit to the orchard showed that the swine and poultry had been very industrious there, and ten and twenty-dollar bills were found scattered by the winds and torn by the aforesaid farm stock. Careful search brought back about \$230, leaving \$70 as the price of the carelessness. Mr. Sands does not put his money in strawticks any more.

MISS SOPHRONBY WADDLESWORTH, aged 35, was reading the fashion notes, and when she struck the paragraph, "Babies are fashionable this season," she fainted dead away and remained unconscious fifteen minutes. It was all the fault of the intelligent compositor. The item should have read: "Rubies are fashionable this season." Something of a difference, you will observe, though both are dear little things.

A WOMAN who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked, with surprise: "Why, there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"